has only a garden. Everything that is not "English style*' is "French style" just as all that is not verse is prose. You can't get away from this, and Louis points out to me that I am asking for things that would not "suit the style." The paths must form a "graceful curve." The part of the garden in front of the house is not to his liking. *"Do* you wish to keep these little paths, sir?" he asks about the tracks that surround the lawn; and since I like very much those "little paths'' that he scorns, I answer rather sharply:

"Of course," and after a pause I add: "But don't get the idea, Louis, that this garden is badly laid out or that it could be made prettier by giving it another character. It has the character of the house."

"It probably belongs to the period," Louis remarks, "when the two styles were beginning to merge."

23 *March*

The weather continues to be rainy, cold, and forbidding. But I am much better and, again, feel veiy fit for work.

Study of Schubert's Fantasie in C and Impromptus, I am reading Kenan's *Souvenirs* and Stendhal's.

Since we have been here—that is, since the 2nd of March—without even excepting the two days in Paris, I have got up at six o'clock at the latest; almost every day I am at work at five thirty; and sometimes even at five o'clock. The day, according to the weather, is devoted, without a regular schedule, to gardening, reading, and piano-practice. The garden takes (and especially took in the beginning) an enormous amount of time. The drawing-room not being ready yet, Em. remains in the dining-room and I in my study; a fire is lighted in the two rooms and the big stove heats the rest of the house. Then dinner comes; in the evening we bring our lamps together.

25 March

Hellebores, lilies, and tiger-lilies have come from Holland. From seven in the morning until six in the evening I work in the garden without stopping.

27 March

Than that some day a young man of my age and my *worth* should be stirred as he reads me and *made over,* as I still am at thirty on reading Stendhal's *Souvenirs tfegotisme,* I have no other ambition. At least so it seems to me as I read this book.

Of my trip to Paris, too much to be said. Of my return here, not enough. Read a rather long speech by Brunetiere on Calvin. We continue reading aloud Tolstoy's *Cossacks.*